

TRI-WEEKLY ASTORIAN.

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THE ASTORIAN.

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D. C. IRELAND, Proprietor

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Any friend who feels an interest in the prosperity of this region, is authorized to act as Agent for this paper, in procuring subscribers.

CITY INTELLIGENCE.

—“Come on, Mr. Grant,” is the popular theme at the Crystal.

—For fresh Oysters, in every style, call at the PARKER HOUSE RESTAURANT.

—A man could walk to the Farmers’ wharf on Christmas day, if duly straight.

—The steamer Governor Grover is expected here to-day with a full cargo of grain direct from Albany.

—If any body has lost a cold they can find one at this office. We won’t require payment for this notice if they will take it away.

—We regret to hear that Prof Worthington, of the Astoria Public Schools, has been very ill for several days, but are pleased to state that he is recovering.

—A neat, clean, cozy place, for gentlemen and ladies to enjoy a dish of fresh Oysters—is at the PARKER HOUSE RESTAURANT.

—Everybody’s friend, Frank J. Taylor, was decidedly in luck with presents at the Grace Church Christmas tree; he now sports a thimble, and “those” slippers and a pair of baby shoes adorn his boudoir.

—Mr. C. B. Farleman, of the Parker House, on Tuesday last lead Miss Sarah Upton to the hymenal altar. We acknowledge the compliments of the happy couple and send greeting our congratulations and wishes of “much joy.”

—Beaver Lodge No 35. I. O. O. F. elected officers as follows, for the next term, Thursday evening: I. W. Case, N. G., C. H. Page, V. G., Wm. P. Gray, Sec., John Hobson, Treasurer.

—C. H. Dexter, mine host of the Seaside Summer resort, and Hugh Stoop, the builder thereof, have both absconded, but not to parts unknown. Dexter is in Portland, and Stoop leaves here to-day for Brookfield to resume work on Megler & Jewett’s fishery.

—It was decided “certain” that the river was open when the Ajax left here Tuesday—but it has since been decided “more certain” such isn’t the case. Nine vessels, besides the Ajax, were ice bound at St. Helens on Christmas day.

—Oysters in every style, at all hours of day or night, at the PARKER HOUSE RESTAURANT, Main street, Astoria.

—Captain Mudge has quit falling overboard at the Farmers’ wharf, and set his son Walter at that business. The first good plunge was made one day last week. The Captain didn’t pull off his gloves, throw his hammer away, grab a spile, and go in after him—because there was no occasion for it.

—While the weather has been such as to almost inspire our citizens to gardening ninety miles above Astoria the temperature has been freezing cold, and we shall not be surprised to hear of another general cessation of business. It is fearful to contemplate a State like Oregon being wholly shut off from the seaboard; all the grain, shipping, etc., at a stand still for want of sixty miles of railway, and forty miles of telegraph. It would seem that the commonest dictates of humanity, ignoring all matters of private concern, should have caused these avenues to be opened and kept perpetually open, many years ago. We wonder if there is to be found anywhere on the face of the globe, two places situated relatively as Portland and Astoria are situated, where the greater would not, sometime in the course of a quarter of a century, have completed some sort of communication to the lesser through some impulse or other—as an act of charity, if nothing else. There are thousands of considerations, it seems to us, that would have moved any other people on God’s earth, to open such communication. And keep it open, by land.

—Eben Parker returned on Christmas day from his effort to reach Forest Grove with a letter mail on horse back. He found three feet depth of snow beyond Nehalem. Got within fourteen miles of Forest Grove, and could have gone through only for eight miles of impassable road.

—We hear from Washington City that Wm. Chance, present Assessor, of Clatsop county, has been appointed to the important but not very lucrative position of Postmaster at Astoria. As Uncle Samuel has been somewhat lavishly liberal in fitting up the office it is hoped that he will soon order Brother Jonathan to add a more reasonable compensation for the services of the Postmaster. And while he is about it he may as well give us an overland mail to Portland, by way of Nehalem.

—The bark Windward, Capt. Stannard, is still here, at Holladay’s wharf, awaiting the balance of her cargo of lumber from Portland for Shanghai. Capt. Stannard is very easy ever it, knowing full well that it would not load the vessel any sooner if he were to lose that valuable gift which gave Job such blessed consolation in his afflictions. Should the river again close speedily, as there was every prospect last night would be the case, the Lord only knows when the Windward will be ready for sea.

—Many a one was surprised in this city Christmas eve. The trees at the Churches were loaded with presents, and a merry time indeed followed the distribution of the gifts. Several trees were erected at private houses, all productive of happy, merry, glad-some hearts. From early morn till evening presents and congratulations were changed and interchanged, among all ages, sexes and conditions. The ball given by Astoria Engine Company No. 1, was a most appropriate and successful termination of a right Merry Christmas in Astoria.

—During the late freeze, (prior to this one), a very good story of The Death-like Grip of one of the leading merchants of Astoria, was related to us, but we did not consider it prudent at that time to mention the matter to our readers, inasmuch as we considered that we had all the “head on” that circumstances would justify us in packing around, so long as ships could not ascend the river, and the majority of people had no particular business to engage their attention, and would, per force, be given to gossip. But, now that we are practically on the sick list, Van would n’t be mean enough to come around here with malice aforethought, armed with pistols and bowie knives, to demand retraction—a sick man has that advantage—so here goes for the incident. We’ve never inquired Van’s fighting size; but this we know: through his generosity last Thursday evening we were provided with a shirt and belt from his wardrobe, in which to make an appearance at the Fireman’s ball—but, after we had harnessed up, and our oldest Oregonian “at home” failed to recognize its father, because of the seeming obesity, we retired to our chamber at an early hour, to sleep, perchance to dream—of the fates that always await the pioneer newspaper publisher. Benjamin Franklin, James Gordon Bennett, Artemus Ward, all of them, had their bitter experiences; and, does not history repeat itself? But to return from this rhapsody to that story on Van. It was occasioned from his living in this embryo city, where there is seldom any snow; where folk make their their gardens in Winter; and generally speaking, “December is as pleasant as May.” But this season we have had snow enough to admit of the boys sliding down hill on the side walks. We don’t mean to say that the boys take up the side walks and carry them to the tops of the hills and then let loose as if old Bealzebub had broken out in the vicinity, but that the walks were the runways for the sleds. All know without being told, that such weather as this instills new life and animation in men and boys, and is apt to make them frolicsome. It stimulates them to racing, jumping up and down, clapping hands, and feeling good generally. It so stimulated Van; and at one of those stimulated scenes he was rather unceremoniously invited to sit down on Court street grade, and at the same time surrender an empty “vinegar” bottle which he carried in his left hand. It is related that he tore around there at a fearful rate, performing some creditable feats of ground and lofty tumbling for a few minutes—careening across ten feet of snow here, darting over ten feet of frozen ground there, sliding down ten feet more of wet frosty plankling yonder, with considerable force, but though body, bones, and clothing were jeopardized—the bottle was saved, nor did he relax his grasp. Manfully did he cling to that, and it was a genial spectacle to see him rising Phoenix like (from the ashes of his pipe), and hear his gleeful shouts of victory as he came to the store and filled that bottle with “vinegar,” relating the circumstance, and at the same time praising the juveniles for having glided the walk so elegantly, and wishing he were a boy again. When he hears a person complain that the Council do not pass an ordinance to prohibit boys from coasting on the walks, he turns away with the thought: “don’t make a darn fool of yourself,” conclusively proving that he enjoys that sort of sport, and would not deprive another of it.

—Mr. J. F. Saunders, of Fort Stevens, is reported suffering from a stroke of palsy received about ten days ago.

—The holiday vacation in the Astoria Public Schools will continue until the first Monday in January.

—One of our whilom friends, a federal officer by the way, feasted on goose-stuff with sauer kraut, at Oysterville on Christmas day.

—Because there is a Humbug river in Nehalem valley that does not signify the land is humbug. Adams can show a patch of soil on which he raised wheat last season at the rate of 100 bushels to the acre.

—Billy Euhlenhart, whom every one in Astoria respects as an industrious, sober, law abiding citizen, draw a razor across Captain Stannard’s face Christmas eve, cutting the beard off as smooth as a whistle. He will serve you the same way, if you call around at the Occident Shaving Saloon.

—Since St. Helens passed such a “Merry Christmas, 1873,” with ten ocean vessels in her harbor, we suggest that the town authorities establish a newspaper office and go after the seaport question again. By this means they might be able to make some of the would-be conservators of Oregon commerce believe that a mule had suddenly elongated his ailer parts and taken them ke-dop where it makes the breath short. Friend Merrill start your paper—let St. Helens be heard.

—There has been much research among the young men members of the Astoria Social Club for an appropriate name. Some favored Terpsichorean, some one thing, some another—but while all this doubt and perplexity lasted the young ladies hit upon a name, and the club at least for the present is known as the Young Men’s Christian Association. Private Soirees are to be given by the club once a week during the Winter, at Masonic Hall.

—Last Summer we had the pleasure (?) of pioneering on Grays river for a week, and helped to break the trail that let the working-men into what has since become H. H. Jackson’s orchard! Yes sir, that unbroken wilderness of last spring has since “blossomed as the rose,” and some of the fruits of the place are now on sale at the various stores of Astoria. From Jackson’s orchard abroad we have cabbage heads—4 to the 100 pounds; sugar beets, parsnips, carrots, turnips etc., etc., of very superior flavor and size. If the Northern Pacific Railroad Company don’t ruin the country by driving settlers out of it, Grays river will be able to supply vegetables and onions enough in a few years to pay the annual interest on the National debt—unless the debt continues to increase at the present rate—nine million dollars during November.

EXCELLENT—Those Sugar Cured Hams, and that Fresh Roll Butter, Fresh Buckwheat, (this year’s crop), Corn Meal, Cracked Wheat, Hominy, etc., at CASE’S.

Ox for Sale.—One stout, heavy built work Ox, eight years of age, gentle and well broken, weighing between 800 and 900 pounds, is offered for sale on application at John Douglass’ ranch in Clatsop county. d27t

School Books.—I have lately received all the different kinds of New School Books required to be used in this State, that can now be found in San Francisco. Also, Slate pencils, Blotting pads, a good assortment of Stationery, Drawing paper, CARD BOARD, Perforated board, Ink, (Carmine, Purple and Black). Likewise a new stock of Crockery, Clocks and a large assortment of Lamp Chimneys, all of which will be sold cheap for cash. I. W. CASE, Chenamus st., Astoria.

Post Office Notice.

The General Delivery at the Astoria Postoffice will be open daily, (except Sundays), from 8 o’clock A. M. until 6 P. M. On Sundays from 1 to 2 o’clock P. M. Money Orders issued from 8 A. M. to 4 P. M.

MAILS CLOSE: For Portland and intermediate offices, at 5½ o’clock A. M. Tuesdays, Thursdays and Saturdays.

For Skipanon, Seaside house, and Tillamook, Tuesdays, Thursdays, Saturdays.

For Fort Stevens and Cape Disappointment, Unity, Oysterville, and Olympia—Tuesdays and Thursdays, at 7:30 A. M.

For Knappton, Grays river, Klaskanine, Youngs river, Lewis and Clarke, Nehalem valley, etc., irregular.

NEWSPAPER DECISIONS.

1. Any person who takes a paper regularly from the post-office—whether directed to his name or another’s, or whether he has subscribed or not—is responsible for the payment.

2. If any person orders his paper discontinued, he must pay all arrearages, or the publisher may continue to send it, until payment is made, and collect the whole amount—whether the paper is taken from the office or not.

OUR SPICERY.

An Ottawa editor was “telescoped” by a collision with a goat the other day.

Incompatibility of temperament of the wife’s relatives—is recognized by the California courts.

Ohio has graduated another female lawyer, and the papers say she steps feet six inches in her morning walk.

“Poor Jim Wayne!” remarks an Indiana paper, “he has gone where bar-tenders don’t scowl when a man fills the glass up.”

In a letter to a friend, a Springfield young lady states that she is not engaged, but she sees a cloud above the horizon about as large as a man’s hand.

The “cast of countenance” of an English tragedian, at present in Paris, is described by a French critic as that of “Don Quixote giving away tracts.”

Seventy-one umbrellas were stolen from the Baptist Church in Oswego one rainy night last week. They pretend to say that the victims went home smiling.

The New York Tribune blushes at the cowardly moderation of the Connecticut tax-collector, who appropriated to his own use the beggarly sum of \$3,900.

It is thought that when the members of the Evangelical Alliance get in front of Niagara, they will be better able to form an idea of human nature before the Fall.

A Dagger of cast steel, thrust under the hat-band, or through the bow that fastens down a long plume, is the ornament of the fashionable English walking hats of this season.

A reporter who “interviewed” a prominent New York broker learned that the broker didn’t know where prices were going to stop, but would give \$100,000 for the information.

Joaquin Miller, in a poem on Mother Earth, expresses the opinion that “It were best that we should rest, that she should rest.” Well, Joaquin, give us a rest.

Boston merchants have expanded the idea of answering certain questions by handing a printed card to the querist. Thus a well known firm in that city, now in temporary quarters, but expecting at an early day to return to its old stand, chokes off all inquiries by a card inscribed as follows: “We don’t know when we shall move. We don’t ‘think’ about it. We have not rented this store. It is to rent. Price \$4,000. Lease of four years. This fully tells all we know.”

The Oil City Derrick, speaking of “petroleum peculiarities,” says: “Don’t say ‘bawrl’ for barrel. If you don’t accumulate the value of one of them full of oil at present prices don’t pronounce it so. No man can permanently prosper in life who says ‘bawrl’ If you were on your death-bed you feel like saying ‘bawrl’ Then dry up on it and say b-a-r-r-e-l.”

New Bedford can claim the championship in modesty. An art dealer, among the other goods, placed in his window copies of antique statuary, such as are to be found in all the old world galleries, when a criminal prosecution was entered against him, and the valiant marshal seized the statues. The matter was taken into the Police Court, and the justice decided that the exhibition of the statue of Narcissus “manifestly tended to corrupt the morals of youth.”

Goldwin Smith doubts “whether a more active or a more virulent poison was ever infused into the veins of a Nation than that which is infused into the veins of the American Nation by such school histories as are used in the United States,” and wants to know “what can be expected if people are fed through their childhood on such stimulants of National vanity and malignity.” Smith should stop writing temporarily, and call in his family physician.

—The Roseburg Plaindealer, with extraordinary keenness of vision, forsees, in the appointment of Judge Williams to the Chief Justiceship, danger to the “liberties of the people.” Crandall says the liberties of the American people are the most remarkable articles in the world. They have been “assailed,” “trampled upon,” “in danger,” “destroyed,” etc., etc., day in and day out, ever since 1776; and yet, the people manage to make them answer a tolerably good purpose, and seem rather to enjoy the possession of the damaged goods. Let the Plaindealer editor be comforted.

FREE TRADE ASKED FOR.

On Tuesday we intended to say that Congress was expected to pass an Act at the present session admitting grain-bag materials free of duty. The San Francisco Bulletin has this to say on the subject.

Simultaneously, in the California Legislature and in Congress, the voice has been raised on the subject of bags, bagging and jute. When the frame work of the tariff which is now in operation was laid, very little attention was paid to California or her interests. Probably California herself had not made up her mind clearly upon the subject. Pennsylvania was on hand, thoroughly conversant with all the facts of the case and in a deep loud voice made known her wants. New England mustered all her representatives and secured the measure of protection which she considered that she needed. Other sections of the country which had specialties to foster were alive and active. There was a dim idea abroad at the time that possibly California had an interest in preventing the competition of foreign wool growers, but her representatives were either too inert or too feeble to effect anything. The result is that the tariff, as it stands at present, inflicts relatively more injury upon California than any other State in the Union. It compels her to buy domestic articles of an inferior character at a higher price than she would have to pay for the foreign, and superior article. And this while the greater portion of her trade is with foreign ports.

California, in an industrial and commercial point of view, is an appendage of New England, a province of Pennsylvania, and a dependency of New York. It is not our purpose, at this time, to wander off into any discussion on the respective merits of free trade and protection. If we have not obtained all that we may have a right to by the latter, probably an indulgent Congress will stretch a point for us with reference to the former. If there be no rival interest at the powerful East, the presumption is that no very serious difficulty will be encountered. But even if there is not, no measure can be carried in Congress without perseverance and energy. Alley went to Congress a few years ago, from the shoe-manufacturing district of Massachusetts to raise the tariff on shoe-findings. He delivered himself on all occasions—in season and out of season—on the claims that shoe-findings had upon the attention of a patriotic Congress. Alley was laughed at for his devotion to a single scheme and for his parliamentary gaucherie, but Alley won. A good-natured and boisterous Congress gave him all he asked, in the closing hour of its session.

This bagging question is a very serious one for us. We have built up in a few years an enormous trade in breadstuffs. An immense fleet is required annually to convey our surplus wheat to Europe. We cannot ship it as they do at the East by means of elevators, for the voyage is too long. We must have bags—and upon bags, bagging and jute, there is a heavy duty. We send out a large quantity of bags every year, and when they come back we have to pay duty on them over again. We propose simply to request Congress to make a reduction. The Legislature is about to ask our Congressmen to move in the matter. One of our Congressmen without being asked, has already presented the subject. Will our petition be heard with favor?

They must do things with a rush in Philadelphia. The Gazette tells of “Cavalry church” in that city.

One of the toughest and healthiest men in Sioux city, according to the Journal, eats but one meal a day, and that is just before going to bed.

It is a universal rule in labor, which no accident, or social tradition, or classiness of sex, can overthrow,—that skill wins. So long as there are more workmen than can find work, women have accidental as well as natural obstacles to meet; but where ever employed, they can do much toward removing these obstacles by proving themselves the best workmen. “Women, like princes, find few real friends,”—especially in competition of sex for labor. They must appeal to employers’ heads, and pay little heed to their hearts. Work is not an affair of personal sympathy; it consists of dollars and cents.